



Arts Building
University of Alberta

In Recital

Megan Hall, soprano

assisted by

Ingrid Kincel, piano

Ariane Maisonneuve, piano

Monday, April 22, 2002 at 5:00 pm



Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

From *Die Schöpfung*
Nun Beut die Flur

Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken (1891-96)
Du denkst mit einen Fädchen mich zu fangen
Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

The Hermit Songs, Op.29
I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
II. Church Bell at Night
III. St. Ita's Vision
IV. The Heavenly Banquet
V. The Crucifixion
VI. Sea-snatch
VII. Promiscuity
VIII. The Monk and His Cat
X. The Desire for Hermitage
Ariane Maisonneuve, piano

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Intermission

Der Nussbaum

Robert Schumann

From *Così fan Tutte* (1790)
In uomini
Una donna a quindici anni

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

From *Der Freischütz* (1791)
Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen

Carl Maria von Weber
(1786-1826)

From *Giulio Cesare* (1723)
Piangero

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Hall. Ms Hall is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Undergraduate).

Nun Beut die Flur

With verdure clad the fields appear delightful to the ravished sense; by flowers sweet and gay enchanted is the charming sight. Here vent their fumes, the fragrant herbs; here shoots the healing plant. By loads of fruits the expanded boughs are pressed; the shady vaults are bent the tufted groves: the mountain's brow is crowned with closed wood.

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken

E'en little things may often give us pleasure, e'en little things we may much highly prize; above all gems the little pearl is treasure, how great its worth and yet how small its size. Behold how small a thing the olive's fruit, yet for its perfect flavour it is sought. Behold the rosebud sweet, how small it is, yet fairest of all flowers it is thought.

Du denkst mit einem Fadchen mich zu fangen

You think that you can catch me with a little thread, that with one glance you could make me love you. I've caught some who were higher flying, so when I laugh, don't trust me too completely. I've caught some others, so I tell you true. I am in love, but haply not with you!

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen

How often have I prayed in fervent mood that a musician might my true love be. Now gracious Heav'n, in very flesh and blood, the man of my desire hath sent to me. See here he comes along with gentle mien and bows his head and plays the violin.

Der Nussbaum

A nut-tree blooms before the house; fragrant, airily it spreads its leafy branches wide. Many lovely blossoms gleam thereon. Gentle winds are coming to embrace them heartily. They whisper, always paired in two, bending, loving, gracefully, for a kiss, their frail little heads. They whisper of a maiden who was thinking all night and all day but alas! did not know of what. They whisper, they whisper. Who can understand such a soft melody? Whisper of the bridegroom and of the next year. The maiden listens, a breeze stirs the trees. Yearning, weeping, she sinks smiling into sleep and dreams.

In uomini

Go on with you! The times are past for spinning such tales even to babies! You look for fidelity in men, in soldiers? Don't tell me that, for pity's sake! All of them are made of the same stuff; the quivering leaves, the inconstant breezes have more stability than men. Crocodile tears, lying looks, deceiving words, false endearments are the basis of their tricks. In us they prize only their own pleasure; then they despise us, deny us affection, and from such tyrants, there is no mercy to be had. We women should pay out this hurtful, impudent breed in their own coin; let's love them to suit our convenience and our vanity! Tra la la.

Una donna a quindici anni

Are you flesh and blood, or what?
At fifteen a woman should know the ways of the world, where the devil keeps his tail, what's right and what's wrong. She should know the wiles that ensnare lovers, how to feign laughter or tears and how to make up good excuses for both. At one and the same moment she must listen to a hundred but speak with her eyes to a thousand, hold out hope to all, be they handsome or plain, know how to tell lies without ever blushing. And, like a queen, on her lofty throne, get her own way with "I can" and "I want." (It seems they're taking to this doctrine; hooray for Despina, she knows how to do it.)

Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen

Should a slender fellow come along, blond haired or dark, bright eyed and rosy cheeked, indeed, one may certainly ogle him! To be sure, one lowers her eyes to her bodice, in the manner of bashful young girls; but one raises them again furtively when the young gentleman isn't watching. Should they even exchange glances, now what danger is there in that? One will not become blind from it, though one will become a little flushed. A little glance here and a glance there, until the mouth also ventures something. He sighs, "Most beautiful one!" She say, "Dearest!" Soon they are bridegroom and bride. Come closer still, dear folks – do you want to see me in a bridal wreath? "Hey, that's a pretty little bride, and the fellow no less attractive!"

Piangero

Why then, in one day, I am deprived of magnificence and glory? Oh, cruel fate! Cesar, my beloved idol, is probably dead, Cornelia and Sesto are defenceless and cannot give me assistance. Oh God! Is there no hope left in my life? I will bemoan my fate so cruel and brutal, as long as there is breath left in my body. And when I am dead and become a ghost, I will haunt tyranny night and day.